

The Fresno Weekly Republican.

VOL. XXIII.

FRESNO, FRESNO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1899.

O. J. WOODWARD, President.
T. C. WHITE, Vice President.
W. J. DICKEY, Secretary.
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THE FIRST NATIONAL, THE OLDEST BANK IN FRESNO COUNTY. Assets Over \$1,900,000.

Directors: E. KENNEDY,
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O. J. WOODWARD.

WOMAN'S EDITION
OF THE
FRESNO
WEEKLY REPUBLICAN
PUBLISHED ONCE A YEAR
PRICE 19 CENTS
MRS. ANGIE R. MARTIN,
EDITOR
MRS. J. M. FRENCH,
BUSINESS MANAGER

HIGGINS & HOWLAND, THE OLDEST-ESTABLISHED AND BEST PHOTOGRAPHERS IN THE CITY.

When a customer wants a photograph that is really first class, and does not desire to incur the unnecessary expense of a trip to San Francisco for the purpose, the first thought in naturally of the Rembrandt Studio. Photography, more like the world does, and the first requisite is to be up-to-date. The Rembrandt Studio is up-to-date, as is shown by the beautiful work turned out from the remodeled and renovated gallery, which is now the only first class gallery in the valley. Ladies and gentlemen can be accommodated with any and all sizes of photographs of themselves, beginning with the postage stamp photo (of which the studio has already made over \$5,000 up to the life size).

The reception room is in charge of a lady who will extend to a pleasure to show samples of work and answer questions. This is the holiday season, and business is, there is always time to please a customer when an order is executed. Nothing but first class work is allowed in an out.

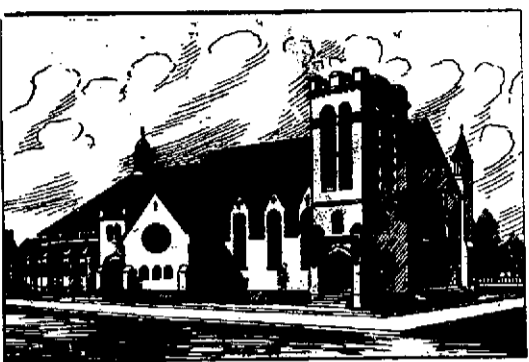
Mr. C. A. Howland, late of San Francisco, and a first class operator, is now associated with Mr. Higgins in the studio work.

THE DYING YEAR.

Mrs. Angie B. Martin.
To a place where Old Years had entered before.
Came another and knocked at the massive door—
The door that cracks on its hinges old.
When the years come home, and the tale is told
Of all the good and the ill that's been done.
Under the rolling twelve-month's sun.
Each had gone forth from the throne of his God.
With a rainbow, a sickle, a sword and a rod,
Bright-hued opportunities scattered along.
O'er the fields where Hope's workers, willing and strong,
Might make for each year a record to bring
Home to the court of Eternity's King.
Quoth the King to the last weary year, as he came
Do you bring the same story of sin and of shame.
Of blessings unused, opportunities lost,
Of pitiless storms and travails tossed.
On the weary waves of a troubled sea,
Out in the darkness, away from me?
And the poor Old Year, with his head bowed low,
Answered with cadence so measured and slow.
"Men will not make use of the blessings I bring;
They lack but in my sunlight and dance and sing.
Till the hours are gone and the moments fled—
Till time is past and the 'Old Year' dead.
The hours that I gave them are folded away
Awaiting the light of the great judgment day;
Another year's blessings to many will come—
Some have folded their hands and lain down in the tomb
But all must stand forth, at the trumpet's last call,
And by their own records must stand or must fall."

Now a song-sound is heard by the soul
Of the Old Year,
It comes to him bringing sweet comfort and cheer;
"Tis music that comes from an Angelic choir—
The singing and saved who with harp and lyre
Would bring back to Earth in the notes of sweet songs
The news of His love, that to all years belongs.
That love, which, in merry may hide far away
Each year's blotted page, ere the reckoning day.
For a Savior has borne, in the arms of his love,
Many children of all the old years,
Up above;
So, Salvation's sweet song, floating down with his cheer
Is the only relief to the poor Dying Year.
His old heart is glad when he hears such a song
So happily enfolded by such a vast throng
So he folds his pale hands on his broad loving breast,
And peacefully enters the door of his rest.
And of all he recorded, no more shall we hear
Till the Judge, with his records at last shall appear.

THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.



The First Baptist church of Fresno started in a prayer meeting. The first one was held in the home of Mrs. Rachel Donahoe. The Sunday school was organized in January, 1888, and the church March 18, 1882, with seven members. Six months later Rev. T. F. Potter became pastor and did most faithful spiritual service. From the very first it was a missionary church, Mrs. Potter organizing a Chinese mission school in a few weeks after their arrival on the field. This first pastor lived and died here, as did his wife, and their remains sleep in the city cemetery. A memorial window will be their lasting monument in our new church home, as it was in the first church years ago.

Rev. J. C. Jordan was the next pastor, doing very efficient work in building the commodious house at the corner of J and Merced streets at a cost of \$6000. The church numbered 180 members when he left, a rapid growth. In May, 1888, Rev. D. C. De Witt became pastor and a period of rapid expansion followed. The meeting house was enlarged and the church seemed the largest and most prosperous in Fresno. But worldly methods, a large debt, and unhappy factions crept in, and the church was divided against itself. The pastor resigned and Rev. J. S. Norvell, the well-known evangelist, became pastor. His spiritual preaching and deep earnestness wrought wonders in rallying the scattered forces and in the Immanuel church, which had come back to the mother church united. But afflictions awaited the newly awakened body, for by August 2, 1886, the church home was burned while the church was uniting with the Presbyterians in worship Sunday evening.

The pastor and people were stunned by the blow and for awhile no effort was made to rebuild, as the debt took both insurance and lots. All that had been sacrificed and toiled for years to give to the Lord a worship place was swept away by fire and death. These were trying days, testing the real devotion of God's people. Some shrunk from the burdens, but after the pastor had resigned the church called Rev. J. M. French to the pastorate February 10, 1887. This was the dawn of better days. Energetic steps were taken to rebuild, and the new church, after a year of construction, was dedicated in January, 1888. In one year's time lots worth \$1500 and a chapel costing over \$1000, furnished, had been bought and paid for and the running expenses of the church fully met. A loyal, successful people and a noble pastor as leader had accomplished the apparently impossible. A year of spiritual gathering followed and many were baptized.

In January, 1889, pastor French resigned, and on March 8, 1889, Rev. Arthur P. Brown of Monterey, was called to the pastorate, solely on his record, the church having never heard him preach and he never having been even consulted on the subject. Prayer and faith seemed to have their reward in the selection, for after preaching during the month of April, the church, Mr. Brown accepted the call and began regular pastorate work May 24, 1889. Many united with the church and baptism were beginning, two being baptized on July 24, at a meeting of much spiritual power.

It was the last services in the new chapel. On July 4th the house was burned, at 9 p. m., thousands standing

THE RAISIN CITY

Wonderful Progress Made in Few Years.

Some First-Class Business Houses Visited.

Some Stores That Will Compare Favorably With Any in the Country.

No city of its size has had more written or said of it than Fresno. It is known far and wide, as the "Raisin City." The Queen of the San Joaquin Valley. The Hub of the State; and many other names suggested by its varied attractions. Its charms have furnished the theme of the poet's song, and a simple statement of facts and figures, as to climate and productions, have caused people from almost everywhere to flock to Fresno, but, as the Queen of Raisins said to Solomon, "The half has not been told."

Fresno county is in truth a land flowing with milk and honey—God has blessed our people abundantly, and our citizens as if in appreciation of the many opportunities afforded, have nobly and generously laid the foundations for a large and prosperous city.

The Christian Church.

Mrs. W. H. Martin, Compiler.
This church was organized June 16, 1884, with about thirty members. Among them are the following: J. F. Wharton, deceased; Mrs. J. F. Wharton, Sr.; W. J. Prather; Mrs. Mary Chance; W. D. Bowen and wife; J. N. Loper and wife; Celia Williams; Mrs. H. L. Nudd; Mrs. J. W. Smith; E. B. Lyman.

As pastors three have served the church: James Logan, W. F. Shelton, J. H. Johnson, Carroll Ghent, W. Webb and W. H. Martin. The last, W. H. Martin, will enter upon his eleventh year of pastoral in January next, which, by the way, is the longest pastoral in the state today in the Christian church.

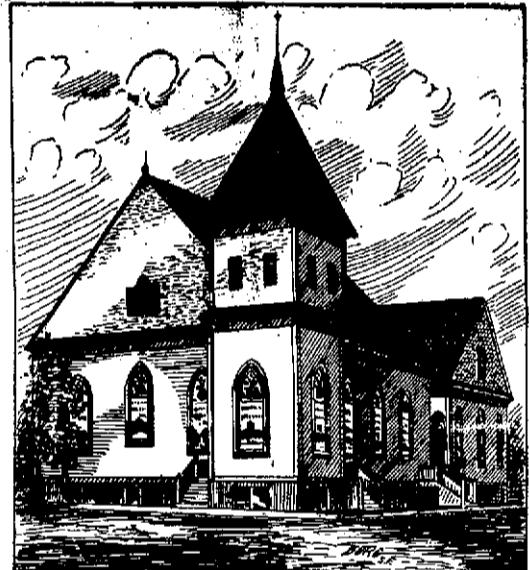
About three years ago, the old meeting house being too small for the congregation, the property was sold to the German Lutherans and the meeting place changed to DeWitt hall. At the time this was thought to be but a temporary change from the old home into a more commodious one, but, owing to the financial crises through which the country has passed and the determination of the trustees and members not to hamper by debt the house of God, the interim has been a long one.

Now, however, the expectation is about to be realized of this congregation once more worshipping in a house of their own. The new structure, which, when completed, will cost about eight thousand dollars, with a seating capacity of six hundred, has been under the personal supervision of L. O. Stephens, to whom much credit is due for his untiring diligence and able management.

During the pastoral of W. H. Martin there have been added to the church about five hundred persons—but this has been so dictated by deaths that but for a steady growth the membership today would not number four hundred. At nearly every service there are additions to the church. All departments of the church work in excellent condition and with the best facilities offered by being in their own house, this congregation will press forward to nobler work for the Lord and Master.

The Sunday school under the supervision of L. O. Stephens numbers one hundred and fifty in spite of the fact that many object to sending their children through the business streets to our present place of meeting. The Christian Endeavor Society is an active, earnest body, working for the cause of our Lord and His Christ.

The C. W. B. M. is the Women's Missionary Society of the church with Mrs. J. M. Martin as the president. The Ladies Aid Society, whose present president is Mrs. G. R. Taylor, has done valiant service toward the financial strength of the church, and the members have proved themselves indefatigable in their efforts to furnish and furnish new house to which they have already contributed over sixteen hundred dollars and are now hard at work in getting together funds for carpets and furniture. The Christian Endeavor Society of this church has also contributed about three hundred dollars for the same purpose.



best people that none but the snobbiest need go, or send away from home to get the finest, best and cheapest merchandise to be had anywhere. If you want anything you have only to call on the old reliable firm of J. H. Goldman & Co., "The Universal Provider," to get it. In dry goods they carry everything from a paper of pins to the finest silks and satins. With hardware from a carpet tack to a combined hammer, in groceries and endless variety of good things to eat and drink. They also meet the intellectual wants by an excellent line of good and cheap books, and their fine display of Christian goods is said to meet the demands of old and young.

We also have another large department store located on Main street, the main thoroughfare of our city, which is a credit to Fresno. We refer to the magnificent new store of Louis Elstein & Co. It is complete and modern in every department, and the stock of goods so choice and well selected that shopping there becomes a pleasure.

Nor is this all we can boast of in the dry goods line. There is our beautiful store "City of Fresno," with its fresh stock of tasteful goods, shown by such obliging clerks that it fairly deserves the popularity it has won. Redick Bros. big department store is also fast winning its way to the front by bringing the prices of their goods within reach of all.

There is a general feeling of regret among all save the competitors, that there is no going out of business, but there is a good deal of rejoicing in a quiet way over the big bargains he is offering at his closing out sale.

While conducting a party of eastern friends and relatives over our city not long since, we naturally took them to our packing houses, of which every Fresnoan is so justly proud. We visited the Interden & Co., Castle Bros., Hubbs & Parsons, Markarian, The Home Packing Co., and had time permitted we would have gone to Glenbrook & Co., Stevens and the Phoenix. The Elwin & Deith Co., being in the country we put on our list for another day's outing. At all the places we were more than surprised at the number of people employed and at the ease and dignity with which raisins and figs are packed. They were much pleased with the specimen of raisins shown to them, and were dried in one of A. D. Owen's Patent Raisin Dryers. Some of our party immediately made up their minds that they wished to invest in raisin land, and asked if there was much trouble about titles to land in Fresno county.

We referred them with pleasure to the San Joaquin Abstract Co., also to the Fresno Abstract Co., either of which we assured them would make their "titles clear" to a home in Fresno county.

A young lady of our party remarked: "Oh! I don't care for land and such things; want to know where we can get our pretty clothes made and where to

DRUGS AND CAMERAS

HEAD-QUARTERS FOR BOTH.

Baker & Colson

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGISTS.

PIANOS

We have just received the finest line of High Grade PIANOS ever shown in this valley, which are on exhibition in our new large warehouse at 1027 and 1029 I Street where we will be pleased to have you call and inspect them.

A full line of small goods for Holiday trade in stock.

KOHLER & CHASE MUSIC HOUSE

JOHN A. NEU.

1027-1029 I STREET, FRESNO, CAL.

PIANOS

THE City of Fresno

Save prudently and spend wisely. We make this easy.

"It came upon the midnight air,
That glorious song of old,
And during the succeeding twenty centuries since the Star of the East guided the wise men of Bethlehem, the song of peace and goodwill has been the Xmas theme throughout the ages, and goodwill offerings have been freely given. This year will be no exception and we are ready to help you. Our store is full of Good Will Offerings, Xmas Gifts, Seasonable Novelties in every Department.

Silks.

We are offering a large assortment of exquisite styles in exclusive waist patterns, 4 parts long, only one of a kind, the harmonious goods even shown in truth, the aristocracy of silk fabrics. Prices \$2.00 to \$15.

Our Black Silks

Are superb; only the broadest and finest quality of material. Splendid in fabric, sound in color, every fibre betokens beauty and solid wearing qualities. Prices from \$1 up.

Dress Goods.

If you want to purchase a stylish, up-to-date dress pattern none in Fresno can better supply you with high class articles suitable for Xmas giving. Our range in black and colors is marvellous. Our prices run from 25c to \$2.50.

Furs

Are in special demand this season, especially the small furs to help out the almost worn-out Tailor Made Suit. We are offering some wonderfully fine Beas and Colliettes suitable for Xmas gifts, at prices to suit every purchaser.

Handkerchiefs.

Our stock is distinguishedly personified, a range of Novelties varied and pretty; exquisite Novelties at tempting prices, that place them within the reach of all. 5c to \$2.50.

Fine Damask Tableings

It would be surprising if amid all the varied beauties of our very beautiful stock, we should omit to mention our exquisite line of Table Cloth and Napkins to match sets, in the most charming arrangements of the designer's art. Nothing makes a prettier present than a gift of this snowy white linen Table Furniture. Prices per set of one cloth and six or dozen napkins to match, \$5 to \$20.50.

Fascinator

by a happy arrangement with the And Shetland Shawls suitable for Xmas gifts. We carry them in great profusion. Price 25c to \$5.

Underwear

For Ladies and Children suitable for Xmas gifts from 25c up.

CITY OF FRESNO

I STREET
Exclusive Dry Goods House

Classic Pictures
If you want them and other kinds in appropriate frames, at Elster's, 1145 J Street.

Buy your lumber at C. S. Pierce's lumber yard.

THE FRESNO NATIONAL BANK

This bank was opened for business on May 1st, 1888 with a capital of \$100,000. At this time the place of business was in the Masonic Temple corner of Tulare and J streets. Its president was J.H. Hamilton and Cashier Geo. H. Andrews. A few months later its capital was increased to \$200,000 and a number of wealthy stockholders were added to the list.

Its present fine and commodious quarters were then finished at the corner of Tulare and J streets, and though constructed ten years ago, the Fresno National Bank building is still one of the finest business structures in the city as well as one of the most popular office buildings in Fresno.

This bank, in spite of the fact that it was established after the Fresno Loan & Savings Bank, the Farmers' Bank, First National Bank and Bank of Central California had all well established themselves in business, has nevertheless become one of the largest financial institutions in the San Joaquin Valley.

The present rapid growth in business and deposits has taken place under the present management of the institution, which has been liberal but conservative. Less than five years ago, its present president succeeded Capt. Colson, who was then president; since that time its business and deposits have quadrupled in extent and size, and the bank continues to grow with the community.

The Bank owns much valuable real estate and with its rapid increase in value the institution will realize handsome returns.

The officers are:
President—JOHN McMULLIN.
Vice President—F.P. WICKERSHAM.
Cashier—C. ALLISON TELFER.
Asst. Cashier—C. A. MURDOCK.

P. O. Box 680 Telephone Black 516

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D. H. TROWBRIDGE, M. D.

Diseases of the Ear, Nose and Throat.

Office: Fresno 1. Hours: 10 to 12 & 5 to 8 p.m. FRESNO, CAL.

DR. ROBERT T. HALL.

DEBTIST

Hours: 9 a.m. to 12 p.m. Tel. Rod 123 FRESNO, CAL.

Voorman Block, 1038 J Street

FRESNO, CAL.

—Fancy—

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AT

Bonnell & Flannagan's

The Revolutionizers of Furniture Prices.

And many other things in the FURNITURE LINE appropriate for

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

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THE CHRONICLES

Of the Latter Days of Fresno.

Wisdom of Men and Sadness of Mothers.

A Pure City as "Honey-Bait" for All the Morally Hungry Bruins.

By Hannah.

And it came to pass in the latter days of the city of Fresno, that there was great commotion, and much hooting and fro, for the people with one voice said and said: Let us go to, and buy and sell and get gain.

Then answered one, whose voice was the voice of the multitude: "We must have money, money, money, and get ourselves much people, then shall wisdom and honor and riches be multiplied, the vine-dressers round about shall take knowledge of us that we are a wise and mighty people, and the fame of our honor and might and riches shall be told unto all nations and peoples and tribes and tongues."

"Let us send unto the East Country the finest of our fruits, and with them, the likeness of many costly dwellings and vineyards and wine-presses and trees laden with luscious fruits. Then let us rise up and send men of understanding to our land, and of our city, that they may take knowledge of Great Fresno may be, in the dwellers beyond the high hills, as honey and the honeycomb to the nostrils of the hungry bear."

And, as he thus spoke, many voices said: "What has been said to us this day, let it speedily come to pass." And the landholders, with the men of the city said with a loud voice: "Let it come to pass!"

Howbeit, there came, at this time a great and great distress and of fearful heart coming upon the city, that the mingled voices of many cries.

And one arose and said: "It is the mothers of our land."

"Go ye out into the homes round about and ask what mean these sounds that we hear?"

And it came to pass that even the women were able to speak words that became, to the ears of the male counselors, as wounds indicted by the scourge on the back of burden. For verily, the voice of woman oftentimes stings like an adder.

And it came to pass that one, not slow of speech, because of her sons and her daughters, lifted up her voice above the rest, like unto the sound of Forsyth's fog-horn above its fellows, and so mightily were her words, that many of the counselors fled.

Then came a widow, lifting up her voice and saying in a low, pained, and slow voice, "What has been said to us this day, let it speedily come to pass." And the landholders, with the men of the city said with a loud voice: "Let it come to pass!"

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spired by the spirit of prophecy, and heed was given unto them, and even the gatherings of revenue said the glad and honor and prosperity of the land could be up in great glory, at the dawn of Fresno's new day."

Before them appeared "The Cleaned City," rich in its multiplied happy homes, strong in the might of its noble young manhood, and graced by the wealth of its cultured chaste young womanhood.

Gold was found for the building up of trade and commerce and for making comely all places of habitation and business, and pleasure. Yea, for the sprinkling of the streets of the city, and for the lighting thereof, to the north and to the south, and to the west, so that there was no more place found for the barbarians round about to plunder and to rob.

And, instead of the "Kurner-Goldstein" chariot drawn by quadrupeds of uncertain age, in spaces of time, as they upon the souls of the riders therein mated and spoken by hidden words, the poor beasts, behold polished and comely electric cars, that grow not weary by day nor by night, speeding merrily through all the paths of the city even unto the homes far beyond its walls.

Yea, there was found revenue in great abundance, and the city's treasury was no longer lean, for behold now was the jail and the almshouse found desolate, instead of the home! The hospital, so long a pit into which much silver and gold must needs be poured, now was a place of beauty and joy, a refuge only for the weak of other days and of less favored places, and behold, their number and needs are like the waning of the latter moon.

And it came to pass that the orphanage, no longer needed by "the poor drunken child," no longer an asylum for little ones, forsaken by hidden mothers, or those stained by the sins of polluted or diseased fathers and mothers, was now the abode of many scribes and artificers preparing real "honey-bait" for all the morally hungry, even unto the dwellers in the polluted cities of the "East Country."

Beautiful, beautiful Cleaned City! When shall thy good words of prophecy become the words of the annals of thy history, and the members of thy fellows, named legion?

THE PRIZE STORY

A Prairie Christmas Adventure.

Queer Raisins Found in a Snow Pudding.

A Blizzard That Did Not Spoil One Happy Family's Celebration.

BY JO JEWETT.

Now, when you are native born of the Golden State just shut your eyes and try to imagine a real, true Christmas—Christmas with all the proper setting of great glittering ice, ice, which the reindeer, who pull Claus might skim with satisfaction.

A northern prairie, level as yon lake, and purely dazzling white; as if Mother Nature had spread her snowiest cloth for a big Christmas dinner.

A snug little farm house and a big red barn stood in the center of all this stretch of white; at least so it looked to the five very lively young folks who lived in the little house; for when they looked out in any direction was it not as if they were looking straight at the white earth; and all their neighbors' houses seemed to be ranged in a circle round next to the sky line.

Now this was the day before Christmas, and in many ways more exciting than the day itself. Early in the morning the father of this restless crew had gone to town—toward the great prairie horizon where the houses dotted so thickly. He had harnessed the great heavy gray Norman horses to a long-bodied "hub" sled and started off directly toward his destination, right across the fields; the great gray horses plunging and galloping through the deep, deep snow in high spirits at being out of their stalls.

Why didn't he keep to the country roads? Just because those weed-lined highways were drifted over your head and only to be traveled by such small feet as did not break the crust.

A drift slipped right up to the eaves of the hay-shed, and the children were taking turns shooting down the slide formed by the shed roof and the slanting drift. Not sitting on hand-sleds, but standing on barrel staves which were strapped to the sleds, and sliding down the point of the drift.

"Here goes the great Nansen on his slide," announced Jack as he came flying down with arms folded and feet widely planted. "Now here's going to take his famous eighteen foot jump over a yawning chasm in the snow!" Jack jumped vigorously, and catching the point of the drift on his slide, he rolled over and over, remaining placidly on his back when he stepped and staring up into the clear, blue sky above, with indifference to the jeers of the others.

"That's just right for a blizzard he remarked as he rose and slipped the fine, dry powder off coat and leggings. "Just a speck of wind would send it flying."

"Do stop that stupid old sliding and play Monte Cristo in the cave," cried Nani, who was already lowering herself into a high hole dug in the drift.

"This is means more for me than for you," said Nani, who was already lowering herself into a high hole dug in the drift.

"I'll be scrambled up the shed roof for the fifteenth time. "My feet get gold sitting around in that old cave on a snapping day like this."

Nani watched them in silence for a few minutes, then he looked and he-screamed, only visible in the opening; then he said in a "I have it now" kind of tone. "Well then, let's go into Monte Cristo cave and tell what we want for tomorrow."

Now sliding on barrel staves is gold fun, but capable of becoming monotonous. In a very short time the staves were kicked off and the children had retired into Monte Cristo's thill and inmost chamber and were sitting on the padded floor of that magnificent but somewhat dark apartment.

"What's going to begin this bustle?" Jack inquired, frowning at the noise of the staves.

"I want a Christmas tree," Nani began confidently; "a big one, set up in the front room with lots of colored candles on it and a star on top."

"Oh, that's not presents," Will complained scornfully. "I want something for myself—a tobacco or a scroll saw."

"I want a doll," chimed in small Milly. "A doll like the one in Tootie's Companion."

For some time the hum of excited voices filled the snowy little dug-out; but inactive feet and fingers are soon chilled, and the children, however warm, had become quite drowsy during their absence, for rising gusts of wind rattled the dry snow whirling up in blinding clouds.

"I believe I'm in going to storm," Jack exclaimed. "We'd better get those chickens housed double quick."

Around on the sheltered side of the barn was a big straw shed and close to its base the chickens were already huddled while the snow gradually whitened them out of existence.

A few squawks and fluttered away from their captors but in ten minutes the last one had been tossed into the well-banked hen house and the door fastened.

"Run to the house, you kids," and tell mamma we are coming in a minute," commanded Jack. "Nani, let's you and I will look for straws." The house was now nearly obscured by the blurring whirl of snow and the wind began to sting. The children poked over the trammeled straw carefully.

"Look just like a bunch of snow!" "Look just like a bunch of snow!" she added, stroking the white pullet. "And, O boys, she's frozen pretty stiff, already; we'll have to kill her."

"Give her here," said Jack briefly. "I'll make quick work of it." And he took the bird and began to beat the little cold, motionless, unconscious bird with a stick.

"Dear me! what were you doing so long outside? Are you all here now?" "Yes, all here," answered Nani. "If you're all here, let's go in and get warm."

"My, but you have brought in a lot of straws," shivered Milly, looking at the straws. "You said you'd brought in a lot of straws, didn't you?"

"Oh, dear! I hope papa will get back tonight with our Christmas things," sighed Milly, going to the window and looking out at the snow.

"How can you wish such a thing, child! I hope and trust your father will not try to get home in this storm." The mother turned her anxious face to the children.

"No telling," answered Jack reflectively. "If he had a good start he might be here before this dark."

"Push, what's the use of fretting, mamma? Gray and Bob could have been in anything but a hurry to get home. Nobody ever gets frozen unless they're drunk."

Mamma smiled in spite of her uneasiness, at the reassuring chorus.

"Do you know how papa can tell where he is in a blizzard?" began small Bob, looking up at his mother.

"Hush, Will, said mamma warningly. "How is it, Bob?"

"Well, when there's no clouds in the sky," Bob proceeded eagerly. "He looks right up at the snow and as thick the snow is, the further he is from the blizzard, boys."

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And still, the big snow dished more softly on the windows. Mamma's story about one Christmas when she was a little girl was receding, breathless attention when suddenly everyone became conscious of a bump—Mamma's voice came instantly and there was a moment's startled silence when the bumping began again and Mamma's shrill whiny rang out clearly. "Papa!" breathed Nan, staring hard at the door. "Of course it must be papa, but his funny he don't hullo!"

"There was no answer, but again came the sound of tramping hoofs and of something dragging. A growing sense of terror and mystery kept these two little fellows huddled together, looking into their mother's face for encouragement. "Give me that lantern," she said in a strange, dry voice. "I must find whatever that is, and quickly."

Silently and swiftly they went to the water trough, then to the hay rack, and in these forms it united with the lantern. The two little fellows looked on with eager noses and friendly eyes.

Behind them waited the runners only of the long bob-sled and the reins of the horse. "Milly, suddenly began to cry, her mother seemed to retain her senses at the sound. "Hush Milly! We will go out and find papa all right!"

"But some boards across those runners and get some horse blankets while I am out," cried the mother.

"Ah! papa found a queer Bob, as they ran to the house.

"No, indeed, child. Now Nan, you can help beat by keeping house while I go to fetch papa, and get me a hood and some mittens and the brandy bottle."

The little ones looked on in big-eyed silence at mamma's busy preparations. They were quickly done and she was gone, only turning at the door to say: "Be good children, and keep up the fire."

"We've fixed the bob, mamma," cried Jack. "Now if you'll hold the lantern down by old Gray's head, I can set in follow back the track. Get up, Bob, get up, Gray!"

A very much surprised pair of horses swung reluctantly out toward the track they had already twice traveled. They were ready to start, and unfortunately for mamma's anxious heart, they ran out from the darkness just as Mamma jumped off the bob.

Mamma jumped off the bob with a little scream and ran toward the big voice with a big voice was getting lost in the darkness. "How is it, Bob?"

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cause the great majority of mankind hold to these opinions. Can it be possible that the medical profession have been overestimating the value of alcohol as a medicine? Let us briefly consider what scientific investigations reveal about alcohol, and then we may be ready to reply to the question: Alcohol may be described as a thin, colorless liquid, lighter than water, more easily evaporated, and which burns with a blue flame. It is found pure nowhere in nature, but every kind of fruit or cereal containing sugar is capable of producing alcohol.

But do not therefore conclude that alcohol is in the fruit. Every piece of dry wood is capable of making a fire, but we don't therefore say that fire exists in the wood. Fire is produced by the destruction of the wood. So alcohol is produced by the destruction of the sugar. This is done as we well know artificial methods, and

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MARLEY'S GHOST

A Story of an English
Christmas.How Phantoms Chanced a
Miser's Life.The Lesson That Brought Joy Into
Old Scrooge's
Heart.

One cold, winter evening, as I was strolling about the business portion of London, I chanced to wander into a dismal little street, lined on either side by dingy, weather-beaten buildings. The thick, dense fog had hidden them from view and it required no small degree of caution for me to make my way along the narrow, little street. As I had almost reached my destination, I caught the gleam of a candle from a window near by and peering in, saw a grim old man, sitting at a high desk, busily writing. The room, which was evidently his office, was uncomfortably small and contained but little furniture and a stove, which held a few smoldering coals—a very small fire indeed for such a cold, biting evening. Through an open door, I beheld a pale clerk also, sitting at his high desk writing. He was wrapped in a comforter and was evidently trying to warm himself by a candle, as he had even less fire than his employer.

On this evening, when the stern, old man, who was no other than Ebenezer Scrooge, sat busy in his counting-house, he was suddenly interrupted in his work by a cheery voice, wishing a "Merry Christmas." On glancing from his accounts, he recognized his nephew, who had come to ask Scrooge to dine with him the following day. The old man scornfully declined the invitation, and his nephew left the office, letting in two dignified gentlemen, who were not very cordially received by Scrooge. These men requested gifts for the poor. But on asking Scrooge if he would have his named enrolled with the benefactors, he gruffly refused any assistance and sternly asked if there were no union work houses, no jails? Finding that it was impossible to gain his favor, the gentlemen withdrew and Scrooge turned his attention to his clerk. As it was time to close, Scrooge asked the clerk if he would wait all day Christmas and Bob Cratchit (for that was the clerk's name) meekly answered that he would if quite convenient. Then Scrooge's miserly nature was revealed. He growled about the injustice of the clerk's request, but reluctantly granted it after demanding him to be on hand earlier the next morning. Bob Cratchit promised that he would, and hastened home to play games and frolic with his children, who made merry at Christmas time and enjoyed their season in their simple way. For at this time of the year, when every one should throw care aside and be happy, does it not seem as if the little children should have a share in the festivities and reign supreme, since their simple belief in Santa Claus brings joy and happiness and means so much to them? Bob Cratchit thought so, and he entered into the games and pleasures of his children, drawn with a spirit that was foreign to Scrooge.

But to return to Scrooge. When he had locked his office and had taken his supper at a dismal hotel he turned his steps toward a dingy old building, where he had a suite of rooms. No Christmas pleasures awaited him here, not even a cheerful fire nor a sweet voice to wish him a merry Christmas. To Scrooge, this would have seemed unnecessary, for he did not look upon Christmas as different from any other day in the year.

A dingy building indeed it was, and very old, yet nobody lived in it but Scrooge, as the other rooms were used for offices. Passing through the little court yard, he reached the door and laying his hand upon the knob, he tolled the knocker, which tonight did not look natural, but resembled Marley's face, that of his deceased partner. Entering the house, Scrooge went up to his rooms and locked himself in. He searched every corner, closet and other conceivable place, for he felt nervous and uncomfortable, since he had seen Marley's face. Putting on his dressing gown and slippers, Scrooge sat before the fire and ate his gruel, but he was very restless, for he seemed to see Marley's face.

Suddenly he was awakened from his reverie by a sound as of heavy chairs being drawn over the casks in the wine merchant's cellar. The sound came nearer and nearer, and then, to the horror of Scrooge, there appeared before him a ghost in the likeness of Jacob Marley. Jacob Marley had led a selfish life and the spirit was to show Scrooge the evil effects of such a life and to warn him not to pursue the same course. Scrooge shuddered and was incredulous until the ghost told him, in weird fashion, that this visitation was for a purpose. When the phantom disappeared, Scrooge closed the window by which the spirit had departed, and feeling greatly in need of rest went straight to bed.

It was dark when Scrooge awoke and he wondered if it could have been possible that he had slept through a whole day and into another night, but while he lay thus thinking he could hear the chiming of a neighboring town-clock. The clock pealed out the hour of midnight, then the quarters, and at last it tolled one and Scrooge remembered that Marley's spirit had said that the next ghost would come at that hour. Immediately after the sound had died away, the curtains of Scrooge's bed were drawn aside and there stood before him the ghost of Christmas Past. The phantom had a child's face with long white hair, and it was robed in flowing ermine, which was trimmed in summer flowers. In strange contrast to this, the spirit held a spray of holly in its hand. The ghost of Christmas Past beckoned Scrooge to follow him and passing through the window, Scrooge found himself and his companion upon a country road. The scene was very familiar to Scrooge, as it was here he had lived when a boy. After visiting several other places of Scrooge's boyhood, the two travelers continued their journey and suddenly stopped at a warehouse, which Scrooge immediately recognized. He had been apprenticed here, when he was a young man and it was with great delight that he saw his former self and an apprentice come into the presence of Fezziwig, the proprietor.

Fezziwig, who was a generous-hearted old gentleman, requested the two young fellows to clear out the warehouse and prepare for a dance, which he wished to have that evening, hoping to make his working men and women joyous on the eve of one of the happiest birthdays of any in the year. The guests soon assembled and after they had danced and refreshed themselves with dainty dishes, which had

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been prepared, the ball broke up and old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig, placing themselves on either side of the door, shook hands with every individual, and wished all a Merry Christmas. This pleasant evening had cost, old Fezziwig but very little, yet it afforded Scrooge other scenes in his past life, the latter was conscious of being in his own room, where he had a disturbed sleep.

The next night at the same hour, Scrooge awakened and walking into the adjoining room, he beheld the ghost of Christmas Present, surrounded by a great heap of apples, oranges, barrels of oysters, turkey, etc. The spirit told Scrooge to touch his robe and as Scrooge did so the room and all vanished and the two were standing in a London street on Christmas morning. After watching the people hurrying to and fro for quite a while, the spirit led Scrooge to the home of Bob Cratchit, who, you remember, was Scrooge's clerk. Here Scrooge saw busy preparations for the Christmas dinner. All were happy, and light of heart, and worked with willing hands in honor of the day. After the dishes had been cleared away, the family gathered around the fire and roasted chestnuts, while they talked and sang a merry song, in which every voice joined, even that of Tiny Tim.

But this scene was shifted, and after visiting many other places, where Christmas was truly remembered, a roar of laughter was heard and Scrooge saw his nephew, niece and guests gathered around a cheerful fire, laughing at the nephew's rehearsal of the scene in Scrooge's office, when the old miser ridiculed domestic happiness and scorned an invitation to Christmas dinner. Just as the clock struck 12 the ghost of Christmas Present disappeared, and when the last stroke had died away, Scrooge saw the third spirit approaching. This phantom was sent to reveal Scrooge's future life and many other things that would happen if Scrooge did not pursue a better course and dispense good cheer at Christmas.

The next morning as Scrooge arose from his bed, he realized that he had dreamed and that the time before him was his own to use to noble ends, and become a better man. As he was arranging his garments, the bells in the sleeples began ringing out their praises in such sweet tones that it almost seemed as if they were chiming a Christmas hymn, although Scrooge had lived in the same building for many, many years, he had never really heard the bells before, and running to the window, he called out to a boy and asked him what day it was. The lad shouted that it was Christmas day, and Scrooge requested him to go to the postoffice on the next street and buy a large turkey, which had been hanging there the day before. The boy did so, and when he returned Scrooge gave him half a crown for his kind service and strange as it may seem, had the turkey sent to Bob Cratchit's home. Thus the new life began, and as Scrooge was strolling along the streets that Christmas morn, he looked so happy that several good-humored young men wished him a merry Christmas. Truly it seemed to Scrooge as if he had never heard such joyful sounds. After greeting the philanthropist, who had entered the

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office the day before, and after whispering something in this gentleman's ear, which made him smile, Scrooge went to church, watched the hurrying people, and at last resolved to accept his nephew's invitation to Christmas dinner.

It required a great deal of courage to do this, but at last Scrooge reached his nephew's home, and once inside he was heartily received. He readily joined in the merry-making and was really a leader in all the games, for he felt as Dickens suggested that "it is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty founder was a child himself."

The next morning, Scrooge raised Bob Cratchit's salary and actually ordered more coal for the office fire. As I have said, Scrooge suggested that "it is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty founder was a child himself."

In his altered life, Scrooge satisfied the demands of modern times. He cheered discouraged neighbors, relieved want and forgot self-interest in dispensing joys to others. It was said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas. May that truly be said of us and all of us. May the story of Scrooge's life teach us to have more loving and forbearing thoughts, and to forgive unselfish deeds so that, as Tiny Tim observed, "God may bless us, every one!"

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In Shadow.

By Zephyr.

I wait for what, I hardly know,
The days in sameness come and go.
In longings not expressed,
But living in a simple round
Of dulcet duties, joy seems bound
To wheels of labor, love a sound
Of yearning unconfessed.

The skies are darkly sad and gray,
The world is cold and all the day
Has gone like those before—
I see them vanish year by year,
In joyless change of hope and fear,
And know each day—though dark and drear—
Has gone forever more.

Then with a pained regret I sigh
That life should go so helpless by.
That should be full and glad—
I walk my ways with feet that ache,
With heavy heart my crosses take,
And dare not dream of love's sweet sake.

All days are gray and sad,
And haunting thoughts will come a-said:
Of joys and loves in other days—
Their grave mine own hands made
I crushed my soul within that cried
In vain against my jealous pride,
As day by day a true heart died,
And on mine own, its sorrow laid.

Now, ever with a burdened breast,
A sense of light and life oppressed,
I walk my shadowed way:
All days in dreary sameness go;
No sharper pain my heart can know,
Than that mine own hand wrought the woe
That shades my life today.

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